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THE FAINT HEART AND THE FAIR LADY

Rebuke frowns from her proud, dark eyes. Yet those pink dimples nurse a smile. Advance, retreat—which were it wise? Rebuke frowns from her proud, dark eyes. God aids but once—the moment flies—The dimples, too, may change the while. Rebuke frowns from her proud, dark eyes. Yet—those pink dimples nurse a smile.

A FEMININE FENIAN.

"What! Another Fenian?" "Waal, I wouldn't go far ez callin' it that, James Francis. Of course, not being a Methodist or Baptist, either hard or soft, kinder sots s'picion on her in Otter Creek, but a Fenian!" The worthy postmistress shook her head in charitable doubt. "I wouldn't prefer sich a ser's charge. She's a pleasant spoken young critter, an not 'tall nor looshanny lookin'."

"Kelly was a Fenian," asserted a veteran farmer, deftly balancing a demijohn of molasses against the sundry contents of a huge handanna handkerchief. "Pears ez ef this drestrie's 'is jes' rummin riot after sich firebrands."

Kelly was the late incumbent of Otter Creek, discharged by the selectmen on three counts, age, subscription to incendiary literature and indifference to arithmetical accuracy, as clearly proved by his favorite formula, "If you come within three figners of the answer, you're high enough."

"She has smilin' eyes," irreverently remarked an imprudent youth sorting out hand rakes in the corner.

"Hit a ready, Abe?" sneered the veteran. "Smilin' eyes be blowed! For a sarviceable schoolmarm give me a savage lookin' gal. Howdy s'pose this un'll rassel 'th the milk gang?"

"I don't favor her persuasion," candidly admitted the stalwart James Francis, "but for all that I'm for giving her a fair trial, even though she does turn the hoss' head on the wrong road to meeting."

"Here she comes now, a caperin down the hill with them Tucker children," remarked the postmistress, a pleasant smile lighting up her comely face. "It do beat all how a great grovled gal, an a schoolmarm at that, kin frisk along ez giddy an friv'lus ez any of her scholars."

Quite unconscious of the interest she had excited, the young teacher came blithely down the hill, her own rapid step still further quickened by the impatient urging of her small charges, the little sailor hat tilted forward over a face pretty only in its youthful curves and happy, frank expression. The postmistress was quite right in deciding that there was nothing revolutionary in her appearance. Abe also was correct in his opinion of her eyes, and James Francis, viewing her critically, became conscious of an alarming indifference to the manifold evils lurking in her persuasions. So impressed was he by the unfairness of his original remark that, after investing in chocolates for which he had no earthly use, he requested the genial Mrs. Forbes to observe silence on the subject, a favor readily granted and quite as cheerfully withdrawn under the irresistible temptations of a cozy tea, with the girl teacher as her guest.

Teaching in the country is the ordeal through which nearly every true must pass before being allowed to engage in city service. Though not the ideal pursuit painted by pen artists, it is the stepping stone from which many an ambitious worldling hopes to climb to the heights of fame. In her unobtrusive way Cecilia Desmond was ambitious. She coveted a college course and indulged in rosy dreams of a future crowned with honors won by personal effort.

As a step in the right direction, when the Otter Creek vacancy offered, she promptly packed her simple wardrobe and said adieu to her dear ones in her city home. It was the first separation, and the ache of parting throbbing in six hearts expressed itself in a copious shower of youthful tears, quickly dried, however, in a flash of fun as the strenuous efforts of the stage driver to lash the trunk to the tailboard resulted in the breaking of the rope, sending him sprawling in the roadway.

After a month's experience of the new life the young teacher was beginning to realize that fame asks much of its votaries. The routine of work was wretchedly monotonous, varied only by occasional skirmishes among the different sections of the district. The constituency of Otter Creek academy had many subtle subdivisions based on family or political and religious favoritism. To unite so many elements in even seeming harmony and at the same time impart sufficient instruction to satisfy the rather exacting community was a task of gigantic proportions, and one which the girl in her home letters frequently asserted could be accomplished only by the united effort of a statesman, a professor and a police officer.

As comparison is a relief or a torture free to all, Cecilia fell into a habit of contrasting her fate with her surroundings, and thus became fully conscious that her lot was not as flowery as were the meadows stretching along the slope and tranquilly monopolizing the fertile interval.

From the meadows her thoughts reverted naturally to her owner, the fair minded young farmer who had championed her cause even while condemning her belief. He was one of nature's noblemen, she admitted rather grudgingly, and censured herself severely for

allowing her thoughts to dwell measurably on his masterful manner and vigorous, manly beauty. At such times, to atone for her mental vagaries, she looked herself in her saltry chamber, and forcing her intellect to the contemplation of some abstruse problem beguiled herself into the belief that she was fairly reveling in an intellectual elysium.

Notwithstanding this severe, self-inflicted discipline, youth at times ran riot and urged Cecilia to the commission of many acts not at all compatible with the dignity of her position nor her lofty intellectual pretensions. The orchards,

berry patches and sweet smelling hay-fields were responsible for many of her deviations from the college course, but that the handsome James Francis was also an active agent was fairly well known even before the veteran farmer made his next visit to the postoffice and volunteered the information: "James Francis an the mowin air gettin kinder soc'ble. He's mowin the long medder, an she's drivin the machine. So sot on each other 'at they couldn't see me goin by."

"She's a-drivin James Francis ez waal ez the mowin," laughed Mrs. Forbes. "You mark my words, Obadiah, afore the snow blows the selectmen 'll hev the school on their han's. Shucks! The crosser grained old cormorant 'at ever lived 'ud jes' hev to smile seeln them young things go by. Lor, they don't know themselves how far gone they are. It minks me of when Jabez an me used ter come from meetin ez if we wuz walkin on air."

"You was fairly matched," snarled the malcontent, "but this un thinks herself a cut above farmer. Talks of goin ter college. Pity she wuz ever hired ter the Creek. If they're still in the medder, I'm goin ter hail 'em on my way back an say suthin ez 'll rile 'em."

"Trust you fer that, you old cross-patch," muttered Abe, who seemed to be a permanent part of the general store. "It's pizen for some folks to see others enjyin themselves."

"There you go, you blame old meescheef. I jes' hope ef you go meddlin in the long medder you'll git yer legs twisted into the mowin an cut off at the joints." And with this awful expression of his wrath Abe went to the door to watch the veteran's movements.

True to his intentions, Obadiah crossed the intervening fields, and leaning on the fence inclosing the meadow hollowed his hands into a trumpet and bawled across:

"Hull-oo, James Francis! Help so sence 'at you hev ter hire Fenians?"

Then, without waiting for a reply, he ambled off, his shrill, cackling laugh adding to the annoyance of the hay-makers.

"Don't you think you ought to apologize?" asked the girl, quickly regaining composure.

"For what?" He came round to the horses' heads, and from that vantage point looked steadily into the driver's eyes.

"For calling me a Fenian. You were very unkind."

"I didn't mean to be, 'awkwardly; then humbly, 'haven't I made up for it since?"

"But I was a stranger then," insisting on her injury. "That's why it hurt me so."

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You know that, Cecilia."

The girl winced slightly. His pronunciation of her name was one of the little things that grated on her sensitive taste, but a superfluous letter or two lost force when the aggressor is handsome and spirited. That he was both she acknowledged inwardly and was moved to forgiveness. The moment was fraught with peril for the college scheme. It was receding steadily into the distance. James Francis saw his advantage and meanly pursued it.

"This is as good a time as any to come to an understanding. When I called you a Fenian, I hadn't even seen you. I don't know that I even knew what a Fenian meant. I don't know yet, but of this I am sure—whether you're a nihilist, a Fenian or an anarchist, or all three together, I love you."

The horses tossed their heads impatiently, and the man passed his hand soothingly over their glossy coats.

"Let's cut another swath," suggested the girl irreverently.

"Not another blade," he declared, "until I have my answer. Yes or no?"

"Well, since you will have it, no!"

"You don't mean it. Say you don't, Cecilia," he pleaded humbly, yet hopefully.

"I do mean it," she asserted passionately. "I never meant to settle down on a farm. I want to go through college and write A. B. to my name."

"Write Journee instead," he said, with telling insistence. "Give up the school and come home to the farm. Say yes, dear. You'll never regret it."

The fringe of elms, shading the brook rippling through the interval, caught the rays of the setting sun and cast them back again like javelins of light. The girl was dimly aware that evening was on the land. The air was heavy with the fragrance of new mown hay. Shimmering banks of cowslips sank down behind the tree tops; the chirping of crickets and the faroff croaking of frogs down in the alder swamp mingled with the lowing of cows and the soft trilling of birds seeking their nests; the holy calm of nature soothed even the unrest of a wavering heart and hushed into silence the promptings of ambition.

"Everything living is going home," said the girl very gently. "Let us go too. See, the sun is nearly gone."

"I am only waiting for my answer," he reminded her.

"Do you know, Frank, that you have asked me to renounce the hope of a lifetime? I have struggled so for a higher education." There was a wistful intonation in her voice that love interpreted correctly. She was pleading to be saved from her less noble self.

"We will seek it together," he answered. "Dear heart, life has only begun."

Before the snow blew over the meadows Mrs. Forbes' prediction came to pass. The young teacher returned to her city home, but not for long.

"I never thought I could settle down on a farm, mamma," she whispered during one of the long confidential talks preceding the final going away, "but Frank is—so—so—different."

The mother's face was beautiful as, stroking the sunny head buried in her lap, she answered softly: "A woman's heart is a vexatious thing, my darling. Its depths hold many a secret; but, with a tenderly indulgent smile, 'love conquers all.'"—Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.



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Even nowadays, when there are so many bright women known publicly, and who are artists in every sense of the word, we find it difficult to rise above the delusion that brainy women must be dowdy and without fashion in dress.

It was rather interesting, therefore, to note from that standpoint, as well as others, the literary women who were present as delegates and guests at Atlanta, Ga., earlier in the month at the convention of the International League of Press Clubs.

There was Helen Gardner, known to everybody by her novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord," if not by her later novels and her strongly written articles in the Arena and like monthlies. One could never have conceived of her as being "strong minded" as she flitted about, light of foot as the youngest girl in the party, wearing a traveling tailor-made costume of dark brown corded velvet. I like best to remember her, though, in the soft, gracefully clinging black, lacy gown she wore several times on informal occasions during the stay in Atlanta. There was always a tiny bit of glowing scarlet about it somewhere, a cluster of flowers or a peep of ribbon. She has a slender, dark face, the type in which the soul seems ever burning—burning its life out, and half curling dark hair.

At the afternoon receptions she always wore a small band of black velvet in her hair, in the front of which, from a broad jet buckle, up rose the ends and short loops of a scarlet bow. It was a most effective toilet, the suggestion of color adding vividness to the expressive face, and the softness of the gown, making only attractive the very small figure that, not wisely gowned, might seem too fragile.

Of all women, the thoughtless one might fancy, Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, of widespread syndicate fame, and known throughout her country for her strong woman suffragist views, would certainly have no time to give to frivolous fashion. Yet at the great banquet, in Atlanta, there was no more strikingly handsome woman than she. There were over 300 guest there, and among them many southern beauties, richly and most artistically gowned, so it is truly saying a great deal to affirm that anyone was more attractive to the vision than another. Mrs. Conner's hair is perfectly white. Her face, too, is colorless, save for the bright, calm eyes and the warm red lips. It is a young face, a young heart shining from it. Mrs. Conner is slender and tall, and carries herself perfectly erect. She wears no corsets, and her dresses are all made in the gown form, without a single band about the waist. The evening of the banquet she was attired in dark red and black lace and silk. The dress was cut square in the neck, showing a soft white throat, and the sleeves ended at the elbows, meeting long gloves. It was made with a slight train and hung in long lines from the shoulders to the feet, that were enclosed in dark red low shoes.

Mrs. Ohl, wife of the editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and herself a contributor of verses and stories to the Cosmopolitan and other of the best monthlies, wore an exquisite white satin gown that looked like a Paris importation at one of the receptions. One of the sweetest little journalists, highly cultured, graceful and dainty in every toilet in which she appeared, was Miss Corrine Stocker, one of the staff of the Atlanta Journal. She had much of a fancy for bright, velvet collars, gathered high about the throat, and there was always sure to be a knot or band of the same in her picturesque hat. So one might talk to her picturesquely but it is enough to say the most difficult task, were one looking alone at dresses, would be to find an ill-gowned woman there.

The last week or two some very smart girls in the city have taken to wearing tan shoes. In spite of continued assertions that only black shoes are allowable in the city until the summer is fairly established, women will be seen wearing them from this time. They are apt to be more comfortable as soon as the weather is warm, and, if well made on the English last, have a distinctive style of their own which is very chic. It is time now for the world to go to the country places, anyway, and these tan shoes give the effect of their wearers being in town just for the day.

The woman who follows the fashions of the moment finds the ribbon sash an indispensable addition to her toilet. Sashes are worn with blouses, pointed bodices and beneath open-fronted jackets, in this case being tied on one side quite near the front. In this position they do not interfere with the set of the coat. The black satin and moire sashes for general wear are wide, and as a rule they are equally wide in the delicate tints for evening toilets, but upon a number of handsome French gowns the ribbons are narrower, two strands passing round the waist and terminating at the back beneath the two rows, with long loops and ends falling from them. Some tie the ribbons directly in front of the gown. Not only does the slender woman affect this fashion, but full figures continue to surprise them becomingly by means of a little adaptation. The ribbon must not be more than four inches wide, and is placed at the extreme edge of the bodice.

An elaborate garniture for an afternoon dress of wide guipure is made by fitting a piece across the front and back for a yoke, sewing it into a high lace backband, and afterward sewing on sleeve ruffles of the same, and over this arranging a plaited piece to hang down

from each shoulder, taut in a point below the belt with the effect of a pocket front. A pretty little jacket or bodice top is made of white guipure in deep points. It covers the upper part of the waist smoothly, being fitted under the arm-hole, then the points reach the belt and fall loose.

Small frogs, turtles, alligators and lizards form the stick pin of fashion this spring. Girls are seen with as many as six green, creeping-looking



animals crawling over their skirt fronts, or half concealed among the folds of their chiffon bodices.

Stateens are not to be very fashionable this summer. The material is warm for cotton goods, and the cheaper grades of India silk are preferred. They look very much alike, these satens and silks, and when made up it is quite difficult to distinguish between them.

Linings are very novel this spring. For those who do not care to spend the money on silk, there is a new material which is cool and yet firm. It is known as percaline, and when showing a moire effect is extremely pretty.

JANEY MULHORN COARD.

REDFERN FASHIONS.

Lawn Tennis—Good Play Depends Mostly on the Costume.

Tennis is, and always will be, a game most favored by the young people, and decidedly it is a most healthy and hearty amusement. Though why it should be played in the very warmest time of the year, when it is just the thing for cold weather, it is difficult to say.

However, fashion goes before everything, and as long as tennis remains in vogue, or until some new game is invented to take its place, it will certainly hold a most prominent place among all other sports and pastimes. If well played, it is very interesting even to lookers-on, while the players themselves seem absolutely unconscious of anything beyond the game, more especially so when it comes to the "set" game.

In watching a tennis game a little while back I was surprised to notice what a great deal depends on the way the lady players are dressed. For instance, one girl had a tight-fitting waist to her gown, and the consequences were really disastrous when she tried to return her opponent's serve. The ball happening to be a little high, she was obliged to raise her arm to reach it, causing her to get hot and uncomfortable, besides straining her gown terribly and missing the ball. One could see she was not a skilled player or she would have known how to dress suitably for this rather exciting game.

Now, the girl who is a lover of tennis, and is invariably the winner, prides herself that she knows what is appropriate, and so she dresses in some light material and takes good care that her limbs will have full scope—no tight clinging skirts or waists that would prevent her quick movements. She must have perfect ease; and then is it any wonder that more often than not she gains an easy victory over her opponents? She can give her entire attention to the game, with nothing to hinder her playing or her running.

Here are two little sketches that I saw in the tastefully-appointed salons of the English tailors.

No. 1 is a remarkably tasteful and novel arrangement composed of white linen. The full-pleated skirt is extremely graceful, buttoning down the entire length of one side with small pearl buttons, which give it a pretty, quaint effect. The waist is quite loose, only being belted in with a waistband, which is made in three wide pleats. The double collar, turning down, leaves

While in Topeka last March, E. T. Barber, a prominent newspaper man of La Cynpe, Kan., was taken with cholera morbus very severely. The night clerk at the hotel where he was stopping happened to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave him three doses which relieved him and he thinks saved his life. Every family should keep this remedy in their homes at all times. No one can tell how soon it may be needed. It costs but a trifle and may be the means of saving much suffering and perhaps the life of some member of the family. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

Money Making Journalism. Friend: "Taking so many daily newspapers is a good deal of an expense, isn't it?"

Host: "Doesn't cost a cent."

"You certainly are not on the free list?"

"No. I save the coupons, exchange them for the book, pictures and so on which they offer, then sell the books and pictures and use the money to pay my subscriptions."

the neck cool and free. The sleeves are exceedingly full to the elbow, from whence they are buttoned neatly down to the wrist with pearl buttons to correspond with the skirt. The necktie is pale blue silk, as is also the little cap.



No. 2 is a stylish combination of comfort and fashion, which has just been made by Redfern, is of thin white unshrinkable silk of light serge. The skirt is not draped, but is cut in some ingenious way round in the front and high at the sides, showing a perfectly plain underskirt. The loose waist, which has a demi-swiss belt, is buttoned in the front with three somewhat large gold buttons, and has single revers falling back from the waist. The sleeves of this charmingly effective gown are made very full, terminating eventually into a tight cuff of silk, which is again rolled back. The entire dress is ornamented with an edge of narrow gold braid. The hat is a cream white sailor, with a band of white and gold.

Of course there are various other costumes that can be worn for tennis. A very appropriate thing is the loose silk waist, for with this may easily be worn a smart tailor-made coat and skirt. Here you see the coat can be removed during the game, leaving you free and comfortable. The skirt in this case should be made extra flared and somewhat shorter than the usual tailor-made skirt.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

ALMOST TOO EXUBERANT.

Judic Chollet Thinks Hats and Bonnets Belonged Beyond Reason.

The floral decorations used on hats this year are almost too exuberant in both quantity and variety. Three or four different kinds of flowers are clustered together on one hat, and unless the grouping is very skillfully done the effect is not pleasing. The little artificial flowers in various colors are much used, and these compact little bunches



are interspersed with slender sprays of other varieties of blossoms, giving a result which is unsatisfactory to the eye, however up to date it may be. Jotted tips are prettier trimming, although they are out of short-lived beauty, as the glittering frost drops off very quickly and leaves the feathers in a too evidently dismantled condition.



STRAW AND LACE HAT.

All headgear intended for women's wear seems to be of an ephemeral character, meant only for the quietest of sunny days. The severe simplicity and ugliness of a man's hat permits him to appear at an equal advantage in all weathers, but women, unless they adopt masculine styles, find it difficult to keep from looking more or

less bedraggled in times of wet weather. To women who have no occasion to go out of doors except on bright days, this is of no consequence, but to the many others who do go out it is a great annoyance to experience the facts that velvet and ribbon are spotted by rain, lace wigs and ostrich feathers looked as if they were plucked from a wet hen. There is a certain degree of consolation in knowing that a man, in spite of his superiority in convenience of costume, undergoes an exactly similar vexation when his new silk hat is exposed to an unexpected shower.

A favorite trimming for lace hats is a large garland of roses or perhaps mere buds and foliage. This includes several sprays besides three or four long rubber stems set with thorns and tiny buds or leaves. A transparent hat thus decorated needs no other garniture. One or two of the sprays are allowed to stand erect, while the rest are laid along the brim and round the crown, one being permitted to drop upon the hair.

The sketch given is of a large hat of fancy straw of the natural color. The brim is covered with white lace, which drops over the edge. In front is a cluster of four black tips, held together by a tight bunch of pink roses. A little to the right of the back are three full-blown pink roses.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

BISMARCK'S HUMOR.

He Refuses a Pardon, but Paid the Amount of the Fine.

The Deutsche Revue publishes the following as an illustration of Prince Bismarck's good humor: "After he had accepted the ministry of commerce the prince was struck by the insignificance of many matters he had to decide. If, for instance, anybody had been caught illicitly hawking goods and had been sentenced to a fine, but had to be pardoned on the score of poverty, it was necessary, for the remission of the fine, to obtain the consent of two ministers—the minister of finance and the minister of commerce."

Bismarck had taken special note of a case of this kind. A peddler had been sentenced to a fine of 20 marks (about a sovereign), and the under secretary of state reported to the new minister of commerce that he was a poor devil, who had to maintain a wife and child, and would sink into still deeper misery if the fine were converted into imprisonment. He therefore begged Bismarck to sign an immediate report, advising the king to pardon the peddler. The prince emphatically refused to do so, for, said he, if the king had to be advised to use his right of pardon in all such cases justice would become a dead letter. The peddler has simply not to pay the fine, and must escape impris-

onment in order to save himself and his family from absolute ruin. The under secretary of state then referred to the traditional practice and appealed to the heart of his chief, who answered:

"All right. I'll give the poor devil, the twenty marks out of my own pocket, but shall not have my signature for the thing."

Lady Selkirk and Paul Jones. A correspondent, while examining some MSS. in the French national archives, has discovered a very curious memorandum drawn up by the notorious privateer Paul Jones. From this it would appear that when Lord Selkirk's plate was seized by his orders the detachment of pirates who were sent to take it were instructed by their redoubtable captain "politely" to ask for the family plate, to stay only a few minutes, to take what was given them without demanding anything more and to return immediately afterward without proceeding to any search." According to Paul Jones, Lady Selkirk was so pleased that she wanted to come down to the beach to ask him to stay and dine with her. One wonders whether Lady Selkirk thought that a little delay might give some English frigate a chance of coming to the rescue of the plate. It is a curious thing that it was, as a matter of fact, restored in 1784.

Boston Brown Bread. To make Boston brown bread you will need a pint and a half of Indian meal, the same quantity of rye meal, half a cupful of molasses, two pints and a half of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda, says the World. Mix the two kinds of meal together. Dissolve the soda in half a cupful of milk, and stir into the rest of the milk, then add the salt and molasses. Give these ingredients a thorough mixing, and pour them upon the mixed meal. Beat vigorously the batter thus formed, and turn it into two well buttered brown bread tins. Steam for five hours. On Sunday morning heat for breakfast by steaming for a little while. Delicious toast may be made from this bread.

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